

# McNairy County Independent.

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## Hughes and Fairbanks

One of the most noted conventions in the history of the republican party last Saturday ended in the selection of Justice Charles E. Hughes of New York for president and Charles W. Fairbanks of Indiana for vice-president. The third ballot was needed to select Hughes, but only one was taken in the almost unanimous vote for vice-president.

The progressive party, (whatever that may mean) also at about the same minute, selected T. Roosevelt and a man named Parker of Louisiana for its candidates.

This is the first time in the history of either party since nominations have been made by delegated conventions, where a man was selected who was not a candidate and really and truly did not want the nomination. Not less than a dozen candidates had been before the people through bureaus and workers, but Hughes had none, and it was claimed would not accept if nominated. In the face of all these facts, the great silent heart of the republican party said he was the man for the hour. Their delegates could not be stamped by the galleries filled with hooters for every man but Hughes. It is the first instance since the days of the noted Cincinnati, who was called from the plow and responded. Mr. Hughes responded to the call as a duty to his country, rather than an honor to himself.

In an hour he had sent his resignation to Pres. Wilson and his note of acceptance to the convention. The act of first shedding the judicial ermine before he dipped his pen in his letter of acceptance, shows the man of action, propriety and patriotism. The able men of the nation have in all time past, regardless of party, proclaimed Hughes a strong, able, and conscientious statesman. He wears no man's collar, but as governor of New York selected the best man for every appointment. He is strictly a candidate selected by the people and against the united efforts of the big men who manipulate conventions.

Roosevelt wisely and patriotically declined the nomination of the progressives, which leaves that party like any animal with its head cut off. A few dying kicks and all is over. A few will vote for Wilson but nine out of every ten will go back to the fold. Really, most of the party were at Chicago anyhow.

With a practically united party under the leadership of men like Hughes and Fairbanks, Mr. Wilson or any other democrat has, in street parlance, a man's job on his hands.

## NEW YORK LETTER

Editor Independent:

Music has always been a delight to me; real, harmonious music, coming from the soul, and of course, going to the soul—not the wretched jingle ofcoon song, ragtime and fox-trots which have engulfed the song market of recent years. In my childhood we had few songs, but those few were simple and sweet; we knew and loved them all. Father used to sing to us about "Ben Bolt", and "Johnnie Fill up the Bowl", and a number of war tunes were his favorites. Mother liked Wesley's song of "Our life as a dream, our time as a stream." "Old Uncle Ned", and a funny song about the man who milked a vicious cow, who was always kicking the milker, till "At last she gave him a kick on the shin that sent the blood to his toes." The cow was named Stinnie and we had a cow named for her. Both mother and father loved the songs in the old Southern Harmony, a book printed in the seven-shaped notes. Some of these tunes were in a minor key, very dole-

ful and sad, and full of the wrath to come. One in particular used to strike very forcibly. It declared that nothing could bribe approaching death "from glittering roofs and downy bed." Another pictured the end of sinners: "On slippery rocks I see them stand, while fiery billows roar-o-o-o-l-l-l below." A magnificent composition beginning: "The trumpet, the trumpet! the dead have all heard" was a favorite, and father could sing it well. And the countless tunes I have heard since cannot erase the simple songs of piety sung by my mother, often in her sorrow and loneliness, when father was away and she could not know whether his enemies, who had not forgiven him for his war activities, would let him come home alive; "It is all glory, glory, in that heavenly land," and "O, what must it be to be there," these melodies might now be smiled at by real musicians who did not hear her sing them to us in those far-off days, gathered around her knees, when the glory seemed much nearer to us than it is now. And sweetest of all, the lisp of accents of the baby brother, Herschel, who at three years of age was taken from us; he could even then follow us in singing "Immensity," the first verse beginning:

"There is a land we have not seen,  
That time shall never dare destroy;  
Where mortal footstep hath not been,  
Nor ear hath heard its sound of joy."

The little fellow was destined to see it before any of us. Let us believe that he found it as in the second verse:

"It is a region lovelier far  
Than prophets tell or poets sing;  
Brighter than summer's beauties are,  
And softer than the tints of spring."

Even in old age, my parents could not bear to hear this sung, and could not speak of him without tears. He was the brightest of the family. My father taught him Greek words, which he could repeat perfectly, and it may be believed that if he had lived, Herschel would have attained renown. But he also missed much sorrow. Dr. Job Bell was our physician then, but he himself has gone to the home of the great Physician of all. A tender, good man he was, and we loved him.

I have heard world-famous pianists, organists, singers, and other musicians; have listened many a time to the unrivalled music of the United States Marine Band, playing in the White House grounds at Washington the highest productions of the greatest composers, such as Beethoven, Bach, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Verdi and Chopin; have heard exquisite sounds produced by various instruments and by the best singers. But never again can my being thrill in this life, to the concord of sweet sounds, as it did in my childhood when I heard Uncle Lattimore Sanders play his famous fiddle, and listened to Aunt Kate (now Mrs. Robert Luttrell) strike the first notes on her melodeon. I would go a long way to hear again a tune like The Devil's Dream as my uncle played it. Even his tuning up of the instrument was a delight, the promise of the feast to come; the head, with its keys, seemed a work of high art; the gleaming back was of classic beauty, the 8 holes in front smiled at me, and the bow was a wand of magic. The Arkansas Traveler and Roy's Wife were full of dignity and fire; Pop Goes the Weasel was charming and funny; the Drunkard's Hiccough I thought must be true to life, although I had never seen a drunkard. The Devil's Dream raised me to the seventh heaven, and by the time Buonaparte's Retreat had been sounded, I was ready to creep into a corner and cry. Uncle Lattimore would come sometimes with an immense turkey gobbler hanging down his back, for he was a mighty hunter as well as fiddler, and wild turkeys were then plentiful; but no promise of table glories could compare with the joyous message contained in the sound of tuning up that wonderful fiddle as he came up the hill.

What is the best music in the world—that which, by common consent, puts it ahead of all the rest? Napoleon was the greatest general that history tells of; St. Paul was the greatest preacher; Edison the greatest inventor; Rafael the foremost painter; Phidias the finest sculptor;

Paganini the most accomplished violinist, Franz List the finest of all pianists, Johann Sebastian Bach the greatest of all composers, Shakespeare the king of all poets, etc. There are many standards of greatness. Popularity alone is not the final test, although permanency of favor may be. The melody of the song; "There is a happy land, far, far away" is three thousand years old. Many of the smaller compositions of Bach (as his melody for the G string), Mozart, Haydn and others, are still in high favor. I will have to say, here, what I think is the sweetest music. There is much of it that I admire, but there is one, of course, finer than all the rest. That is the Sextette from Lucia di Lammermoor, by the Italian composer, Donizetti. I can never hear this without a delicious shiver, and without wishing I might hear it by the hour. No words can describe it. Next, perhaps, is Titi's Serenade, a piece of Austrian music. When my father first heard this, on a Victrola machine, he could hardly restrain his tears, for, he said, he had not conceived that there could be such beautiful sounds on this earth. Another Serenade, that of Moszkowski (another Austrian), and My Hero from the Chocolate Soldier, are high in my favor; also, the Troubadour Nocturne and Funeral March of Chopin, Ave Maria by Bach-Gounod, The ballet music of Faust by Gounod. Kamenoi Ostrow (The Stony Island, in Russian) by Anton Rubinstein, presents a series of pictures almost as plain to the ear as landscapes are to the eye; a marvelous production that I can never get enough of.

There is a world of music in the compositions of Giuseppe Verdi. In his Il Trovatore alone, there is enough of beauty and richness to make the fame of any composer. Just think of the wonderful Tower Song and Miserere (Ah, I have sighed to rest me), the duet about going home to the mountains, the great Anvil Chorus, and a whole string of other things! A great composer was Verdi. There are no such writers now living. Mendelssohn wrote his exquisite Rondo Capriccioso at the age of fifteen; Mozart composed orchestral pieces at nine. Schubert, author of the immortal Serenade, wrote more than 600 songs; Rossini, whose music is simply glorious (listen to his Stabat Mater, and especially to Cujus Animam and Infamatus!) quit writing at 37 years of age and lived 39 years longer, making a glutton of himself. All of these great men, with all their priceless gifts to man, never earned in all their lives as much as has been made by the miserable tone-tinker, Irving Berlin, of this city, author of "Everybody's Doin' It," "In My Harem," and other abominations. His receipts from the first-mentioned piece of rot were over \$75,000, and any rag-time jingle he may choose to put on the market will bring him from \$25,000 to \$75,000. There is no denying a certain ingenuity about this carpenter of trashy songs, yet he cannot write music himself, nor even play, except with one hand; he invents the music, and then gets some accompanist to do the rest. He is not yet forty, but his income is far above that of the president of the United States. He is a Russian Jew by birth, and knows how to keep his money, but it is sickening to see how such stuff as this can take hold of our people. There is no other country in the world where he could "put such a thing over," as they say here.

Why is music beautiful; why are some tones more pleasing than others? This is a deep question. I started to solve it by analyzing some of those songs, such as The Last Rose of Summer, Annie Laurie, Kathleen Mavourneen, La Paloma, Juanita, Home, Sweet Home, and other melodies which have been sung around the globe, and never grow old. I then discovered that there is a key-note in all these pieces, a note which is used much more than any other sound. That is the third note; the key of E in the scale of C-natural. Practically no melody of any fame fails to show a preponderance of this sound. In some songs it runs as high as from fifteen to twenty-five per cent. of the whole. Why is this note so essential to the pleasing of our sense of harmony?

Because it makes a combination,

with the accompanying notes, which vibrates in unison with the sensorium of our natures. Go into a small room; run over the scale of notes in a good, strong voice, and presently one note will sound much louder than the rest; you have then struck the key-note of that room, and it will vibrate in unison with your voice. Our natures are sounding-boards which respond to certain combinations of sound, and it so happens, under the mysterious laws of nature that the third note, when its status is fixed by accompanying chords, is the one that touches us most nearly, for it raises echoes in us that nothing else does. I now speak of our own race. The Chinese love sounds that are not pleasing to us, and the Russians, just now leading the world in music, are fond of minor chords. Let us all cultivate good music.

One little story must close this sketch, already rather too long. Most of us know and love the song "Nellie Gray." In Washington I met a lady in the pension office who knew the author of this touching song. He was a young man, Ben Hanby, who lived in a little town in Ohio. He was an organist in the church, and often composed pretty songs. He sent "Nellie Gray" to a publishing house in Boston, but did not get any word in reply. About a year later, he went to a music store in his own town and asked for some good piece to play. The clerk showed him what he said was the latest great hit, that was being sung on both sides of the ocean. To his intense surprise, young Hanby saw it was his own composition of "Nellie Gray." He wrote to the publishers (whose name I do not now mention, for they are still in business) and got this letter in reply: "Dear Sir: You have the fame of Nellie Gray, and we have the money." Not a cent did he get for this fine song, one of the best of its kind, and he died poor, under the age of thirty, like all of his brothers, with consumption, while his work still is sung, not only "in a low green valley, on the old Kentucky shore," but wherever our language is spoken. Truly, Hanby has made fame, but I don't think the money the publishers made out of him will do them much good.

LINDSAY S. PERKINS.

## COOPER TO PROVE FAMOUS THEORIES

Celebrated Medicine Accomplishing Remarkable Results in Leading Cities.

Referring to the recent visit to Atlanta of L. T. Cooper, the man who electrified the larger cities of the country with his philanthropy, health theories and celebrated medicine, Tanlac, G. F. Willis, his southern representative, said:

"Thousands of the most prominent people in Atlanta, Birmingham, Nashville, Chattanooga, Louisville, Knoxville and other cities where his celebrated medicine has been accomplished

ing such remarkable results, are even more enthusiastic over Tanlac than Mr. Cooper himself. "As previously stated, Mr. Cooper contends that nine-tenths of the diseases and ill-health of the average person is due to a catarrhal condition which produces faulty digestion and improper assimilation of the food. "In a recent interview Mr. Cooper was asked if Tanlac would relieve kidney trouble, liver complaint, rheumatism and a dozen other ailments, and in this connection said:

"As I have repeatedly said, my medicine acts directly on the mucus membrane, stomach and blood, expelling from them the impurities and rendering to them a strong, healthy condition. I am convinced that the stomach regulates the condition of the blood, and is the fountain head of health or disease, as the case may be. My medicine is intended primarily for the regulation of the stomach and catarrhal inflammation, but it is no uncommon thing for persons who have used it to come to me and explain that it has relieved them of Rheumatism and many other ailments not generally recognized as having their origin in stomach trouble. "The ingredients or medical elements which make Tanlac come from many remote sections of the earth—the Alps, the Pyrenees, Russian Asia, West Indies, Mountain States, near the Rocky Mountains, Mexico, and Peru are among the points from which the principal parts of the preparation are obtained. In the principal laboratory of the Cooper Medicine Co., Inc., under the efficient direction of Herr Jos Von Trimbach, a native German chemist of note, these medicinal herbs, roots and barks are assembled in the rough and painstakingly developed so as to attain that high standard of efficiency shown by the uniform preparation of Tanlac."

In referring to the unprecedented demand for Tanlac in Atlanta, Mr. Chas. A. Smith, Manager of the Jacobs' Pharmacy Co., said: "I have been in the drug business in Atlanta 25 years, and not in my experience have we handled anything that even approaches Tanlac as a seller. In less than five weeks' time we have sold and distributed through our eleven stores over 9,000 bottles, and on last Saturday alone over 400 people called at our stores to obtain the medicine. Judging from the repeat sales and the many expressions of satisfaction from those who have actually tested Tanlac, the preparation must be something of extraordinary merit."

Tanlac is sold in Selmer exclusively by Browder Bros.; in Adamsville by Abernathy's Pharmacy; in Bethel Springs by T. S. Davis; in Ramer by A. B. Hamm & Co.; in Chewalla by G. W. Parsons.

## Notice

You can buy the Studebaker wagon from Gray Bros. for money or on time at Selmer or Adamsville.

## CHAUTAUQUA

June 20-21-22

FIRST DAY---TUESDAY, JUNE 20

Morning—Free Program Agriculture and Health Day  
Welcome address.....Horry Hodges  
Address.....H. K. Bryson,  
Commissioner of Agriculture  
Address.....H. H. Shoulders,  
Of the State Board of Health

Afternoon and Night

Ellsworth Plumstead  
The Mysterious Milburns

SECOND DAY---WEDNESDAY, JUNE 21

The Metropolitan Music Company  
Dr. John G. Cornwell

THIRD DAY---THURSDAY, JUNE 22

The Lyric Glee Club of Philadelphia  
Col. G. A. Gearheart

Season Tickets - - - \$1.50

Single Admission Afternoon . 35c

Single Admission Night . 50c

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Chas. H. Gish Skeleton Suit at \$6.95 to \$8.50

Other Suits at \$10 to \$25

ONE HUNDRED AND TEN NEW SUITS PUT INTO STOCK THIS WEEK

## Chas. H. Gish

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ELECTRIC LIGHT PLANTS FOR PRIVATE HOMES

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You cannot afford to swelter from the summer sun, or go half clad when you can look neat and dressy and feel cool and comfortable.

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